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THE
Cave of St. Sidwell :

A ROMANCE.

“Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will be able to relate how the passions are kept in continual irritation by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge.”

HAWKESWORTH.

It was in a gloomy recess, hollowed by the hand of nature, and decorated only by her rudest ornaments, that the misanthropic Reginald sought to bury the remembrance of his early woes: penitence and remorse were his only companions, and his self-inflicted mortifications, the only variety which his situation afforded. He possessed the means of affluence, but his heart was deadened to sensations of social comfort, and abhorring himself, he also abhorred mankind. Deep in the gloom of an extensive forest, he remained secure from observation; the only human countenance he had beheld during his voluntary seclusion from the world, was that of a simple

but honest wood-cutter, who occasionally ventured to visit the cave, when its austere inhabitant relaxed from his usual ferocity, and would endeavour, with artless good-nature, to amuse the recluse with details of rustic diversions, and pictures of the blessings which society afforded; but on this theme Reginald was obdurate, and any persuasion to quit his solitude never failed to excite his wrath to a degree almost bordering on phrenzy. His countenance, which could once boast lineaments of beauty, was now pale, haggard, and stamped with the expression of malign horror; his figure had been graceful and majestic, but now, emaciated with suffering, and distorted from its natural symmetry by the rude manner of living to which he had accustomed himself, was terrific and disgusting to the beholder; the skins of wild animals served him for raiment; his food was coarse, and scantily provided; his bed the withered leaves which winter's chill blasts had scattered through the forest. The only vestiges which within his cell marked civilization, were a flute and

an escritoire ; on the former he indulged himself very rarely, and only at those intervals when his mind was tranquillized, or exhausted by the intenseness of anguish, and at those periods the indulgence was most precious ; but his escritoire was periodically visited : the wild suggestions of imagination were committed to paper. Arnold had frequently found scattered fragments, but he possessed not sufficient erudition to decypher the contents, and Reginald checked every inquiry with such vehemence as made the rustic tremble. In this state had Reginald remained five years, when wandering one night through the mazes of the forest, his ears were assailed by a sound to which they had long been unaccustomed ; an unaccountable sensation thrilled in his bosom—the ferocity of his temper was in an instant subdued : it was the cry of an infant which had caused this momentary change ; yet recollection soon returned, and with desperate obduracy he fled from the spot. In the confusion of ideas which assailed him, he mistook the path ; once more he was necessitated to retrace his footsteps, and again the infant's lamentation was distinctly heard. Reginald gazed fearfully around—one step more brought him close to the object of his alarm and agitation : it was a female child, apparently about six years of age, reclining on the damp earth, and unsheltered from the inclement season. Reginald could not leave her to perish ; with a rude grasp he seized her in his arms—she shrieked with horror, and struggled to disengage herself from a being so terrific ; his voice had been long unaccustomed to

tones of soothing tenderness ; all he could articulate was hush ! hush ! and his broken discordant voice augmented the terror of the child. With swift steps he reached the cave : he placed the little trembler on his bed, and kindled his lamp to gaze on the features of his infant charge : he beheld them lovely beyond description ; her dress was neat but simple, and it was evident she was no peasant's child ; but if her appearance softened his heart, and filled his breast with tenderness long unfelt, his had a far different effect on her he had preserved To his rough question—" Who are you ?" she replied, with tears and clasped hands—" Oh ! do not kill me !—I am little Rosa !"—" Kill you, child !" he exclaimed, starting from her with horror ;—" Is murderer stamped on my brow, that even this babe can trace its marks !" The convulsion of his features was terrific, and Rosa hid her face among the leaves, sobbing fearfully : again he approached her—" Who are your parents, Rosa ?" she shook her head—" She is perhaps an orphan," he thought—" Have you a mamma ?"—" Oh, dear mamma ! take me to poor mamma—she is very sick"—" What is her name ?"—" Madam Windenbourn."—" Enough, child—you shall see her to-morrow ; but now go to sleep."—" I am very hungry."—Reginald started ; he had nothing fit for a child to eat, and he feared she would perish ; but a moment's recollection obviated the difficulty : Arnold had once with difficulty prevailed on him to accept a young goat, whose milk was the only luxury he indulged in, and a delicious draught was presented to his famished

guest, who assured by his gentleness, soon after fell into a sound sleep. Arnold, engaged in his own occupations, did not come near the cave during the three following days; Rosa was for a long time inconsolable; she wept; she called on her dear mamma, and exertions to pacify her were vainly used by Reginald, who became insensibly interested for the lovely child: by degrees, her regret and terror wore away; she seemed much delighted when Reginald, to divert her, played several tunes on his flute; and as her apprehension subsided, she gradually became more familiar with him; she would at times attempt a description of some very terrible transaction; she spoke of horsemen with swords and guns, and frequently mentioned the name of Madeline, but was incapable of giving any distinct account of the connection that subsisted between them. The simple fare which she had at first rejected indignantly, was soon rendered palatable by hunger, and her infantile prattle unbending the gloom which had heretofore clouded the brow of the wretched recluse, he assumed innumerable gay airs to divert his youthful charge. At length Arnold visited the cave, and his astonishment was extreme at perceiving it had acquired a fresh inmate. Reginald related his adventure, and desired Arnold to make inquiry in the village and its environs for the parents of the child. Arnold did so, but his inquiries were unattended by success; and after several days passed in perplexing incertitude and fruitless researches, he returned to the cave. Reginald, instead of expressing disappointment, seemed much gratified; habit had re-

conciled him to the innocent intruder, and her endearing ways had beguiled him of many sad hours. His imagination extended not to the future: Rosa as a child delighted him, and it never for a moment entered his thoughts, that Rosa would ever be other than a child; he therefore returned an obstinate denial to the generous offer which the wood-cutter made of taking the child home with him, but readily agreed that he should occasionally supply her with better fare than what the cave afforded. All the ferocious passions which had before agitated the breast of Reginald, were now suspended: if his countenance for a moment assumed its wild disordered expression, the undisguised terror and aversion of Rosa instantly subdued him: he would then clasp her fondly to his bosom, entreat her not to hate him, and as his scalding tears fell on her lovely face, kiss them away with affection almost paternal. Rosa, gentle and timid, shrank equally from these extremes of sensibility, and as advanced age gave expansion to intellect, frequently wondered at her peculiar situation. The past events seemed faded from her memory; but an impression of dread had been stamped on her mind by the singularly uncouth form and manners of Reginald, which no subsequent kindness could wholly eradicate. Before him she wholly suppressed the curiosity she felt, but to Arnold she expressed it in the most inquisitive terms, when the wanderings of Reginald afforded her opportunity; and his information, instead of affording her satisfaction, seemed but to increase her anxiety. One day Arnold mentioned inadvertently, that he

had a son and daughter at home about her own age—"Are they like me?" asked Rosa: Arnold smiled: "No, my dear, they are poor rustic children."—"And what am I?"—"It is very easy to perceive that you are belonging to some great family, if we could but find them out."—"And what should I be the better for that?"—"Oh, a vast deal; you would have fine cloaths instead of that coarse camblet dress; and you would sleep on a soft bed, hung round with beautiful furniture; and you would have delicious food."—"What then," cried Rosa, clasping her hands with delight and wonder, "do other people live in that way? I thought every body lived in the same manner as ourselves."—"Bless you, my pretty innocent, it was a very natural mistake; but, indeed, nobody lives like the strange man you are with."—"I am sorry for that," said Rosa, shaking her head; "I should like to see how other people live."—"But the hermit will think it unkind of you to wish to leave him."—"I would not leave him for any thing," cried Rosa; "for when he is good natured I love him dearly; but cannot you bring your children to see me?"—"I dare not."—"Then I will go to them."—"That I cannot promise: you must ask the hermit."—Rosa entertained not a doubt of success, and instantly, on the return of Reginald, assailed him with intreaties to permit her to visit, for a short time, the cottage of Arnold. Reginald started with dismay: her presence was now his only solace; and fearing that the pleasing contrast which the cottage might present, would fill her mind with dissatisfaction at her pres-

ent situation, he gave a stern refusal. The spirit of Rosa sunk under his harshness; she spent the remainder of the day in tears, and rejected, with repellent disgust, all his endearments. Fearful of wholly alienating her regard, Reginald at length was induced to yield a reluctant acquiescence, and on the following day, after affectionately embracing her guardian, Rosa tripped lightly through the forest, led by the hand of the honest guileless Arnold. Every object had the charm of novelty, and Rosa expressed the most lively rapture: the hovel in which the woodman's family resided was a palace to the inexperienced orphan; she examined minutely every article of furniture, the uses of which she could with difficulty comprehend, and embraced the young rustics with fond familiarity. A small looking-glass at length caught her attention: the animated object it presented, gave her unspeakable pleasure; she gazed at her own resemblance with mingled surprise and admiration: when informed that it was herself, she played a thousand antic gestures, and throwing her arm around the neck of Juliette, cried—"Ah, now I see you are not like me; how brown your skin is! and your eyes, they are quite black!"—"I am not so pretty as you," said Juliette, dejectedly.—"I am sure I think you are," replied the unconscious Rosa;—"but come here, Lucius, I think you are most like me." Lucius was a blooming boy, about twelve years of age; his glossy auburn hair curled in sportive ringlets round his dimpled cheeks, on which health had fixed her seat; his eyes were dark hazel, and beaming with

expression ; his features formed with beautiful regularity.—Rosa drew him towards her—their eyes met in the mirror—mutual admiration heightened the colour in their cheeks, and a smile of satisfaction played on the lips of each.—“What a pity it is,” cried Lucius, “that you cannot live with us.”—For the first time in her life, Rosa sighed.—“I will come to see you very often,” said she ; “for I am sure the cave is a dismal place compared with this ; but I must not live with you.”—“I should love you dearly,” cried Juliette ; “we should play together and sleep together, and we should be so happy !” Rosa again embraced her young friend, and again expressed the joy it would afford her to be permitted to live with them. Arnold soon after hurried her away, and Rosa that night retired to rest with a discontented mind.

(To be Continued.)

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA.

(Concluded from our last.)

SUSPICION had not yet opened her eyes to detect this attachment, and the lovers felt themselves too blest in the enjoyment of present felicity, to anticipate future ills. Days and months rolled away their hours in one uniform tenor of joy ; for the gay prospects of youthful delights are seldom shaded with the gloom of painful thought.—The picture of life, indeed, as painted by juvenile fancy, is at first composed only of soft and seductive colours ; but as years come on, the shades become deeper and deeper ; till, at last, the fairest tints are lost in one undistinguished mass of sombre hues. The

happiest only preserve the original colours longer unsullied : the ultimate event is nearly the same to all, except for the distinctions that virtue or vice occasions, which can either cheer the darkest shades, or obscure the brightest hues.

Alcanzor and Zayda, however, were among those numerous candidates for lasting bliss, who find the cup of joy withdrawn, before it can reach their lips. The parents of the lady, stimulated by avarice, and fired by ambition, had, without her concurrence or knowledge, promised their daughter to the chief minister of the emperor's court ; who, though advanced to those years from which love must shrink in disgust, had seen and admired Zayda, and made overtures to her relations ; which the cool prudence of unimpassioned age could not listen to, without approbation. He had lately lost one of his wives, and with him, the indulgent permission of the prophet was equivalent to a command : he always kept up the number of his conjugal ties,—and, not satisfied with that, maintained a numerous train of beauties to gratify his vanity, rather than his passions.

Such was the destined husband of Zayda ! to a man of this unamiable description she was to resign her liberty ; and to him she was to violate the strongest and purest sensations of nature. In a few hours, she was abruptly informed that Mulley Imloc would arrive and honour her with his hand. She heard the news with evident terror ; but she had prudent fortitude enough to disguise the violence and the cause of the agitations that passed in her breast, while under the prying eye

of parental inquisition. She retired to her apartment, almost bereft of her senses: she burst into tears—she fainted—she recovered—she paused—she prayed, and wept by turns: and, in the agony of her grief, she vented invectives against Mahomet, for the impurity and injustice of his matrimonial creed. “Alla,” exclaimed the lovely maid, “is it possible that he whom we worship could receive his mission from Heaven, when by his dispensation, the two sexes that compose the human race are treated with such flagrant inequality! To mine, the privilege of a rational soul is denied; to the other, the most criminal gratifications are allowed:—gratifications, that only add to the misery of those who indulge in them, and afford the strongest proof that unerring Wisdom, and infinite power, had nothing to do with their concession; since the great Father of all, to whom Mahomet is only a servant, could never dispense indulgences, which render his creatures miserable.”

In such terms raved the wretched Zayda, till the hour of her assignation with Alcanzor arrived. The sound of every breeze alarmed her throbbing heart, lest Imloc should arrive before she could communicate her melancholy tale, to ears that were formed to listen to it with pity and regard. The pale moon shed her silver rays through the window, where Zayda watched and wept. Her family were busy in preparations for the reception of their intended son in law; and Alcanzor approached the well-known spot where he had often enjoyed the sight and conversation of his fair, without molestation, and without being observed.—

“Speak, my dearest Zayda,” cried the enraptured lover; “will you congratulate me on my good fortune in recovering a considerable share of my patrimony which was lost, and will you deign to share it with your Alcanzor? I hope now I may presume to apply to the parents of my charmer with greater claims to their favorable attention than I have ever yet possessed. Will Zayda join in the petition?—“May Alla shower every blessing on Alcanzor! but he must forget there is such a wretch as Zayda. This night—perhaps this very hour, I am to be devoted to another. I am unable to explain the heart-rending news; but, in short, I am destined for the cruel, the odious Imloc.”—“Zayda, Zayda, this arm shall defend thee! I dare the united rage of Imloc and your parents. Only trust yourself with me, and I will protect you. Fly, fly with me! we love like Christians, and I will soon convey you where such love will be no reproach.”—“Alla, guide me!” exclaims the hesitating fair. “What would Alcanzor have me do? How can I descend, unperceived? How can you convey me hence, without incurring the danger of a life, dearer to me than my own?”—“Trust me, trust me, Zayda! I hear the approach of horsemen, and we must not linger here.”

With a spring, the distracted maiden threw herself from a window into the arms of Alcanzor, and fear added swiftness to their feet. But, alas! fortune was unpropitious. It was Imloc himself that was approaching; and some of his attendants were already arrived. A servant was dispatched to apprise Zayda of this circumstance:

her window was found open and she was gone.

It unfortunately happened, that one of Imloc's train, taking a different road from the rest, had met the flying lovers, without suspecting who they were. The alarm was soon spread; the parents of Zayda, with her intended husband, pursued the route that was pointed out by the attendant. Alcanzor and Zayda were speedily overtaken. He drew his sabre on his brutal pursuers. Imloc first encountered him; and his horse being wounded, he was soon brought to the ground, and owned the superior vigour of Alcanzor's arm; but as he was giving the last blow to his rival, two of Imloc's retinue sprung to the relief of their master, and each aimed a mortal stroke at Alcanzor. Zayda, become desperate at this sight, and rushing between the assailants, received a sabre through her heart, the seat of genuine love, which had been directed against Alcanzor; but a hunting-spear, in the hands of the other servant, pierced his breast, just as he was withdrawing his weapon from the blow that had served Imloc's head from his body.

Thus, at once fell the pursuer and the pursued. Imloc was little pitied, because he was never loved, but the tear of compassion has often flowed at the recital of Alcanzor and Zayda's fate: and when the youthful bosom in Morocco gives way to ingenuous passion it is said to resemble the love that Alcanzor felt for Zayda.

AN EXPEDIENT.

Several of our spindle-shank bucks have lately been inoculated for the cow-pox, in hopes, by that means, to have *calves* to their legs.—*Boston paper.*

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

If my readers should think that the following essay would look better in the form of poetry, they will please to turn it into rhyme, each to his own liking.

MEMORY.

How delightful, through the medium of intervening years, to contemplate the days of our childhood, when hope, undisturbed by apprehension, gilded every scene which fancy delineated, when the ardour of inexperience animated the unsuspecting mind—The little uneasinesses and perplexities which then lessened our joys, are lost in the distance; or if the easily excited tear of childish sorrow presents itself to our view, it glistens with an enchanting lustre.

There are emotions, excited by the recollection of past sorrows, which, though we are hardly willing to acknowledge them pleasant, we yet cherish with fondness. I may with confidence address myself, in support of this idea, to him from whom the resistless hand of death has torn a friend or relation, whose place in his affection was nearest his heart. When the remains of your friend had been committed to the dust, and the first transports of anguish had subsided, did not memory fondly dwell, not only on the scenes of intimacy which you had enjoyed with the deceased, while you flattered yourself the hour of separation was far distant; but did she not willingly linger over the parting scene, renewedly listen to the last inarticulate adieu, eagerly recal the moment when the last gleam of hope forsook your breast? Could you not, unappalled by the terrors which had ever before kept

you at a distance from the house of death, sit in silent sadness on the moss-grown grave, while you conversed in fancy with the friend who slept beneath? And would you have exchanged these melancholy reflections for the joys of boisterous mirth? How powerful, then, and desirable, is the influence of memory, which can transform the keenest sorrows into sources of real enjoyment; and how much increased are our pleasures, as they can survive in constant recollection!

Memory imparts her choicest delights to that mind only, which is susceptible of the "feast of feeling;" which is enchanted with silent contemplation; and which is not insensible even to the pleasures of melancholy. She holds not her kindly residence with him whom the restlessness of passion, and the eagerness of never moderated expectation, continually agitate; or whom the insensibility, consequent on a blind pursuit of the present, renders insensible to her allurements. Childhood and early youth is not, therefore, the season for the enjoyment of retrospection. The active enthusiasm which characterizes the morning of life is unfriendly to calm and silent contemplation. The young are engrossed by the yet novel and enticing scenes of the present, or carried away by the deceitful anticipations of the future. But he whose confident expectations experience has disappointed, and whose ardent hopes disappointment has enfeebled—whose sensibility age has not blunted, but whose power of reflection time has matured—will involuntarily, in the intervals of relaxation or solitude, turn from the objects which surround him, to feast

on the years which live only in memory.

Old age is consequently peculiarly suited to the indulgence of memory. The man whose thin grey locks mark him the ready victim of death looks around him and he is solitary, incapable of participating in the thought-dissipating bustle of business. He looks forward—and the grave opens before him. His relief, his happiness is in memory. He loves to transport himself back in fancy, till he finds himself again the ductile child; the youthful husband and parent; the active citizen. He converses with all the ardour of newly revived friendship with those former companions who have gone before him to the grave. Often while youth and manhood gather round to hear, he describes the times which are long past; and points out, delighted, the wondrous differences between those times and the present. With unwearied garrulity he expatiates on those scenes and events in which he himself was an actor. If he had been a soldier in his youth, he tells his "hair breath 'scapes" in the weary march or hard fought battle—characterizes the leaders of the war—shows with happy vanity how all things were, and how they might have been—and kindling with more than youthful enthusiasm, "shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields are won." Nor does he dwell alone on the times in which fortune favoured him. He recalls with ever new satisfaction the days when he struggled with poverty, was oppressed by disease, or involved in public calamity. If a pierced breast, or a shattered limb, bears testimony to his courage in the doubtful field, he

contemplates and rehearses the sad story of his wounds with a proud satisfaction, which more than compensates for all the pains they had occasioned.

If, then, memory can cause pleasures, once tasted, to please again, and convert even our sorrows into happiness, to whom can it be a source of pain? who would escape it as he would fly an enemy? Yet there are those to whom recollection is terrible; who would face death rather than the image of their departed days. It is not the remembrance of mere afflictions which such dread. It is not that they fear to look back, lest some unforeseen and unavoidable calamity under which they had suffered, should meet their view. It is, that, whenever a glance of the past forces itself on their unwilling view, the horrid form of conscious guilt rises before them, and in her defiled mirror, presents to their affrighted sight, their secret crimes, their past offences. It is the wretch to whom the future presents no reasonable consolation, and to whose wretchedness all the bustle, the passing changes, and the blinding activity of the present afford but a poor consolation, who can invoke oblivion on the past.

THE SHIPWRECK.
AN AMERICAN TALE.

Mr. M—— was a gentleman of property in one of the southern states. Though descended from a good family, he reprobated that species of affectation which supposes all inherent worth and goodness to consist in the length of one's pedigree; neither did he conceive it impossible that many virtues should exist unconnected with

affluence and splendor. Surrounded with every convenience, every luxury of life, he lived happy, supremely so, in the embraces of a fond wife, and the caresses of a darling child. The little Fanny, just two years old, by the beauty of her countenance, bid fair to reward the tender care of her parents.

Such was the situation of affairs, when Mr. M—— was necessitated to take a voyage to Europe. Mrs. M—— insisted on accompanying him. Painful was the idea of separating; painful was the thought of exposing his precious all, to the mercy of the winds and waves: but he finally consented to the urgent solicitations of his amiable Maria. The preparations were made, and they sat out with a propitious gale, and the most flattering expectations of an easy passage. Nor were their expectations for some time deceived: they already in idea beheld rough Albion's hoary cliffs; already imagined their dangers past: but, alas! how blind to fate is man! The heavens, on a sudden, are overcast, and that sky, which of late afforded the most serene prospect, is now shrouded in storms—the wind rises—old ocean roars—the steady pilot scarce maintains the helm—the sturdy seaman, who before had weathered many a gale, now trembles—night approaches—the tempest increases—the vessel drives as the winds and sea direct—the forked lightnings play, and serve to add new horror to the surrounding darkness—hark! the surf beating against the rocks is at a distance heard—every hope is lost—the boldest heart appals with fear. Till this moment Mr. M—— had entertained some faint ideas that all might

yet be well—but hope is now drowned in despair. Behold the husband clasping to his breast a darling wife in silent agony of woe. Behold the tender mother embrace her lovely child; who, terrified by her repeated shrieks, responsive demands its wonted protection. But in vain—the vessel strikes,—On universal shriek proclaims their aggregate despair. The vessel parts, and each, unmindful of his fellow, prefers his own safety. Some on broken planks trust to the guidance of the rolling waves. Mrs. M——, still embracing her beloved child, seizes on a large chest, to which she clings, till fainting with the enfeebling task, she had sunk to eternal rest, had not one wave, more furious than the rest, driven her towards the shore, and retreating, left her extended on the sands—once more she exerts her strongest effort, and places herself and child beyond the reach of the returning wave. Anxious for the fate of her dear husband—shivering in the cold, she waits the returning light. Scarce could exhausted nature support the mighty exertion—day-light appears. In vain she cast her eyes on that element, lately so turbulent, for some traces of her late companions—all are buried in a watery grave. Alone, unknown and unfriended, in a foreign clime, reduced from the height of affluence and ease, to the depth of misery and despair, behold her wandering to beg that charity, she once so willingly bestowed.—Among christians she hoped that most amiable tenet of their religion would not be forgotten. But alas! she begs in vain! The beauteous babe, still hanging at her breast, whose cries, one would think the most obdurate heart

could not resist, is, to some, matter of derision and insult. Many were the repulses, many the mortifications she endured; till at length heaven, tired with persecuting merit so great, sends her a friend, who comforts her desponding soul, and lulls her cares to rest. She returned to her friends—returned to mourn her lost husband—returned to rear her babe, still more endeared by her labours to preserve it.

Oh you! whom fortune favours, consider yourselves as you are, but the stewards of the goods of Providence. In this inhospitable season, harden not your hearts to the solicitations of misery; be not more merciless than the elements themselves—deny not your mite to the way-worn traveller: and should the shipwrecked stranger light on your coasts, add not by your neglect, to afflictions already too great; But
Check the patient widow's deep fetch'd sighs,
And shield her infant from the north blast rude!
Oh bid the sweetly glistening tear arise,
That swims in the glad eye of gratitude.

WOMEN.

An inviolable fidelity, good humour and complacency of temper in a woman outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

It is but too seldom seen that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.

No beauty hath any charms equal to the inward beauty of the mind. A gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of the person; the former every one has the power to attain in some measure; the other is no one's power—is no internal worth, and is only the gift of God who formed us all. Meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments.

VARIETY.

LOVE A LA MODE.

To the Ladies.

A young gentleman of a good family would be glad to marry. He is not very solicitous about beauty; but any deficiency of that kind must be supplied by a large share of good sense and good nature. "There must be money on the female side," as his purse is the lightest thing about him, except his heart. It may be expected, perhaps, that he should give some account of himself: in answer to which, he says, that he is neither ugly enough to frighten a horse, nor so handsome as to alarm the jealousy of a wife; he is neither tall nor short, fat nor lean. As to his understanding, if it is not the best in the world, he cannot help it; but in cheerfulness few people can go beyond him. As he would wish the lady whom his lucky stars may on this notice introduce to his acquaintance, should herself judge of his qualifications, he will say no more here; but any letters directed to "Mr. &c." shall be as duly attended to as honour and secrecy will admit.

Nov. 27, 1815.

P. S. Wards, or such ladies as have not attained the years of discretion, need not address me. I have provided myself with a set of rope ladders, a fast trotting horse, a handsome gig, and every thing necessary to facilitate an *escape*; an heiress, therefore, need be under no apprehension from the dissent of an unkind parent—but I am determined not to marry any young or giddy girl. In short, I wish to wed a rational woman, who will be able to bring a portion sufficient to maintain us both, as I have an unconquerable aversion to all kind of business, and a most singular antipathy to industry. Should such a one offer, nothing shall interrupt our union; and if bolts and bars be any impediment, I ask but

one week's notice to convince the world that "*Love laughs at Locksmiths*," &c.—*Lancaster Journal*.

WIFE ADVERTISED.

"Run away from Patric M'Dallogh."

"Whereas my wife, Mrs. Bridget M'Dallogh, is again walked away with herself, and left me with five small children and her poor blind mother, and left nobody else to take care of house and home, and I hear, has taken up with Tim Guigan, the lame fiddler, the same that was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barney Doody's game cock.—This is to give notice, that I will not pay for bite or sup on her account to man or mortal, and that she had better never show the marks of her ten tows near my house again.

PATRIC M'DALLOGH.

"P. S.—Tim had better keep out of my sight."

MONITORIAL.

He that is solicitous about being talked of when he is dead, should consider that all his admirers will quickly be gone; and what is their panegyric, or his fine monument, to him that knows nothing of the matter?—

Pompous Funerals, and sumptuous monuments, are made more out of a design to gratify the vanity of the living, than to do honor to the dead.—Greatness may build the tomb, but it is goodness must make the Epitaph.

He that is your chief mourner, will quickly want another for himself.

When death has once made a dissolution of the parts that compose us, there is so little room required to contain them, that it is even ridiculous to be concerned about it. Time, which prays upon nature itself, will at length consume our tomb, though it were of adamant or brass.

How many famous men are dropt out of history, and forgotten! And how many poets and Panegyrists, that promised to keep up other people's names have lost their own!

THE CARRIER'S NEW-YEAR'S
ADDRESS,
TO THE PATRONS OF
THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY 1, 1816.

HAIL ! Patrons hail ! with livelier heart
Than last year deign'd this breast to
cheer,

Your CARRIER Boy presents his lay,
And rapt'rous hails the new-born year.

When last he trip'd his annual round
War held its dark revengeful away,
The sounds of mirth and joy were hush'd
And cheerless rose the dubious day.

But Peace once more has sought its home,
And Heaven, with interposing hand,
Now spreads its wonted blessings round,
And plenty strews our favour'd land.

Where Commerce pin'd on drooping wing,
And wept her useful toils as o'er,
She proudly hoists her swelling sails,
Her Fruits to waft from shore to shore.

Then since with added life, new charms
Arise to deck its flowery vale,
Why should we mourn the parting year,
Or bid a tender sad farewell ?

'Tis true, past joys may pain the breast,
But memory's retrospective sight
Can bring the joys of other years
Back to the mind with fresh delight.

If sad remembrance of some crime,
Disgrace life's page with dark'ning spot,
The present year has power to cleanse
And expiate the foulest blot.

Then let the Grey-Hair'd Sire still steal
His annual march with noiseless tread,
And let the fleeting years intwine,
And weave a garland for his head.

If Virtue guides our erring feet,
We rise superior to his power,
For that, in blest enjoyment, gives
The future and the present hour.

May Wisdom, with the passing years,
Extend and shoot her sciens fair,

On Ignorance waste may Learning rise
And build her matchless temple there.

To lovers of the Lute and Song,
Whose flowing verse improves the mind,
May soft celestial fire be given,
And every Muse invok'd, be kind.

May plenty tend her flowing bowl,
To all, to each, thro' Life's bright round,
And with bland Pleasure's flowery wreath
May every sparkling joy be crown'd.

Then Patrons hail ! a blythe farewell,
May you, by fortune long caress'd,
Have joy, fair Health and Peace the while,
And every NEW-YEAR rise more blest.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The dashing of billows is heard from afar ;
And the " Light-house " attracts as the home
guiding star :

The Sailor's bold heart doubly throbs at the
sight,

And his bosom expands at the soul cheering
light.

Oh ! " Blest be my Country," the tar wildly
cries :

" Aye, blest is thy Country," old ocean re-
plies,

You've wandered, but soon shall your wan-
derings cease,

You've griev'd, but your griefs shall be hush-
ed into peace,

Adversity hailed thee, a wind-beaten guest,
But adversity fits for a harbour of rest.

Ah Jack, the emotion thy heart oft has
known,

At sight of the Light-house which points the
way home ;

As recollection of perils bewildered thy
brain,

With dangers forgotten, remembered again,
He views with emotion the Light-house on
shore,

For the billows that saw him will see him
no more :

And sighs with regret, as the ship glides
away,

For it beams to the sailor its last friendly
ray.

Sand's Point, March 21st, 1815.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON THE BIRTH DAY OF LAVINIA.

Blest be again the feeling welcome day,
That does Lavinia's budding charms display ;

And breathes her beaming beauties to the
eye,

Which wraps the soul with sweetest ex-
tacy.

Now, would I cull the fairest flowers, to
wreathe,

And let sweet Flora lightly on them breathe ;
But chilling Boreas with his icy key,
Locks every flowret that would yield to me.
But when again the new born plants rise up,
And each the twilight dew shields in its
cup,

Then shall be stem'd, and with a pious care,
The tenderest twigs to bind Lavinia's hair ;
Plac'd by that hand, with friendship's lovely
hue,

Which has no other passion ever knew ;
E'er since remembrance taught its pulse to
beat,

And bid it gleam with an unsullied heat ;
May life's cold storms ne'er chill its gen-
tle glow,

Whilst mem'ry shields her green plant on
my brow :

Still may the waves of life thus gently roll,
And blend in peace each anguish of thy soul,
May each fond billow as it creeps to thee
Lave thy young heart of all its misery.
And when the last faint gleaming notes of
breath,

Shall swell but faintly at the sound of death ;
May an immortal seraph light each woe,
And kill each pain, with pity's azure glow.

ROLLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO THE LADIES.

Ye females of the feathered choir,
Whose nodding plumage fans desire ;
Tell me, ah ! tell me what you mean,
By pink, blue, crimson, white, and green.
Wave they, like banners, on the wind,
Just emblems of the wearers mind ?
Say, can the Ostrich' pearly white,
Confirm your innocence outright ?

If blue your constancy maintain,
Pink fades, and blue will sometimes stain,
Yellow, the lover's bane, and green
Together join'd, shou'd ne'er be seen.
Chaste crimson now has chang'd its place
And the head blushes for the face.
This motley mode then banish hence,
Our wits will joke at your expence.

ROYAL POETRY

Many years since we placed in our
Font some stanzas from the pen of the Brit-
ish Princess AMELIA, which were consider-
ed as breathing the pure spirit of POESY.—
We now offer another specimen, which con-
tains as pure a MORAL. It will be recollect-
ed that this Princess was the favorite child of
the British King, and his grief for her death
was supposed to be one of the most promi-
nent causes of his derangement. [*Boston Cent.*

WRITTEN

BY THE BRITISH PRINCESS AMELIA,
DURING HER LAST SICKNESS.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd and talk'd, and danc'd, and sung ;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamt not of sorrow, care or pain,
Concluding in those hours of glee,
That *all the world* was made for me.

But when the day of trial came,
And sickness shook my trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occur'd—how sad 'twould be,
Were *this world only* made for me.

SONG.....*Sterne's Maria.*

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her lonely seat,
To mourn her sorrows free.
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at opening day ;
But ah ! she mourn'd her love not true ;
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along ;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
Had now forgot its song.

Poor hapless maid who can behold
Thy anguish so severe,
Or hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a pitying tear!
Maria, hapless maid, adieu!
Thy sorrows soon must cease;
Soon heaven will take a maid so true,
To everlasting peace.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has filled her breast;
Fled are the joys she used to prize,
And fled with them her rest.

☞ We have to apologize for omitting the signature of "ÆSCULAPIUS" to the "Light-House" in this week's Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1815.

Intelligence.

The National Intelligencer of Saturday last, contains a treaty of peace between the Poutawatamie Tribe of Indians and the United States—and one between the U. S. and the Kickapoo Tribe. Both of these treaties are signed, on our part, by Wm. Clark, Ninian Edwards, and A. Chouteau, American commissioners.

The Philadelphia papers of Tuesday state, that the brig *Perseverance*, Snow, of Boston, from Havre-de Grace, for New-York, with a valuable cargo of dry-goods, was cast away on Saturday last on Peck's Beach, Egg Harbor. The Captain and nine persons were lost. The mate, three seamen and two passengers were saved. The vessel had gone to pieces, previous to which, the chief part of the cargo had been taken out and placed in the hands of the collector.

The schr. *Betsey*, Hawes, from Nantucket for New-York and Baltimore, with a cargo of sperm candles and oil, valued at 25,000 dollars, run ashore on Cape Poge, last Saturday, while endeavouring to save the mate, Mr. Worth, who had fallen overboard, and was drowned. Part of the cargo expected to be saved.

NEW-YORK CORONER'S REPORT.

Dec. 20. A man, unknown, about 35 years old, while sawing wood in Pearl-street dropped down dead.

A poor girl named Eliza Gosman, of Anthony-street, aged 19, committed suicide by taking Arsenic—The effect of seduction.

Dec. 24. James Duffiel, aged about 30, a native of Pennsylvania, in a scuffle on board the brig *Rebecca* of Liverpool was knocked overboard and drowned—verdict manslaughter.

A boy by the name of John Dunn, native of Ireland, aged 11 years, was crushed to death in a horse flax seed mill in Front-street.

Dec. 27. James Lyons, a foreigner, aged 60, formerly a teacher in this and the neighboring counties, committed suicide by hanging himself from a nail by his cravat and suspenders. He is said to have a wife in the city, residence unknown.

A late Paris paper relates the following singular circumstance: that Catharine Larochette, dwelling at Chignon had been condemned to hard labor for life, and to be branded, having been convicted as an accomplice in the death of her young son, aged five years and a half, whose body was found in a privy. The dog of the accused was the most eloquent witness in this affair. Its cries, and its marks of attachment to the tender victim, had something supernatural. This animal was found on the clothes of his young master, which had been made bloody and laid in a meadow, in order to put the inquirers on a false scent. A serious charge was brought against the woman, Larochette; she got rid of her dog some days after her son had disappeared, repeating, by an inconceivable blindness, "A dog is worth two witnesses."

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Thomas M'Cready, to Miss Catherine M'Kinley, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. J. L. Webb, to Miss Eliza Ball, daughter of Mr. William Ball, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Joseph Pomeroy, to Miss Catherine Brown, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Washburn, Mr. John Wilcox, to Miss Sally Earl.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. James Debevoise, to Miss Effiah F. Maho, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. Joel Pratt, to Miss Margaret Ferguson, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Onderdonk, Mr. William Hurlbut, of (Coe) to Miss Eunice Lloyd, of this city.

Mr. John Flowers, to Miss Eliza Weeks, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Mervin, Mr. Henry W. Snyder, of Albany, to Miss Margaret Arcularius, daughter of Philip Arcularius, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. Benjamin Aymar, to Miss Elizabeth Van Beuren, daughter of Courtland Van Beuren, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Abraham B. Humbert, to Miss Elsey Hosier, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Mr. John Crolus, to Miss Hulda Carlile.

At South Salem, (Westchestercounty,) by the rev. Mr. Burbank, Mr. Thomas Hartford, to Miss Eliza B. Machett, of this city.

On the 20th Nov. by the rev. Jacob Cooke, Mr. George West, of Giles, Virginia, aged 106 years, to Mrs. Gardner, of Monroe, aged 80 years.

JANUARY AND MAY.

Was married, at St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, to his second wife, Mr. George Maxwell, a respectable tailor, in the *eighty-fifth* year of his age, to a blooming maiden of *twenty-three*—the bridegroom appeared full of glee and full of spirits on the occasion, though he is father, grandfather, and great grandfather to one hundred and one children — *London paper.*

Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 79 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 30th of December, 1815—of the following Diseases :

Apoplexy 1, casualty 1, catarrh 1, child bed 1, consumption 15, convulsions 4, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 1, dropsy in the chest 1, dropsy in the head 2, typhus fever 2, hives or croup 2, inflammation of the bowels 2, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the liver 1, influenza 2, intemperance 2, locked jaw 1, old age 3, palsy 1, peripneumony 1, pleurisy 3, pneumonia typhodes 1, small pox 20, sore throat 1, still born 1, sudden death 1, suicide by hanging 1, whooping cough 2.—Total 79.

DIED,

Mr. Daniel S. Robertson, merchant, aged 35 years

Suddenly, Mr. James Gridley, aged 36.

Mrs. Elizabeth Post, wife of Henry Post, esq.

Mrs. Rachel Kip, wife of Mr. David Kip.

Mr. John C. Seton, aged 45.

Mr. George Walgrove, aged 67.

Mr. William Warner, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 84.

Mr. William Bunn, aged 67.

Mrs. Deborah Lowey, in the 82d year of her age.

Mr. Zephaniah Bailey, of the house of Jones & Bailey, drowned by the upsetting of a sloop on Sunday night, on her way to an eastern port.

At Haverstraw, Thomas Smith, esq. Counsellor at Law, in the 54th year of his age.

At the city of St. Domingo, capt. Nathaniel R. Macey, of this port.

In Louisiana, Col. Thomas Gales, aged 26; his death was owing to grief at the recent loss of his wife.

ENORMOUS TIGRESS.

On the 17th of April last, the inhabitants of Chittagong (in India) were alarmed by an unwelcome visitor, whose movements, we regret to state, were accompanied with melancholy effects — This was a tigress, discovered first amongst some cattle which were grazing at the mouth of the river. As soon as she was observed, the natives in the vicinity assembled with all speed and advanced against her in defence of their cattle. Irritated by this attempt to deprive her of her prey, she sprung furiously on the person who approached nearest to her, and wound-

ed him severely. The immediate attack, however, of the crowd was successful in rescuing the man from her grasp, although not until he had been lacerated so dreadfully that little hopes are entertained of his recovery. On this, the tigress finding herself hemmed in at all sides, and without any way of avoiding the multitude except by the river, immediately took to the water and swam with the flood tide about five miles, closely pursued by the natives in their boats, until she landed under a tree in Mr. Rael's dock-yard. Here she laid herself down, apparently much fatigued, but before the people in the yard could get their fire arms ready she had considerably recovered her strength. Several shots were fired at her, and two of them penetrated her body, one of which lamed her—Rendered desperate by this, she advanced against her new opponents and singling out a Mr. Earle, a European gentleman in the yard who was provided with a cutlass, she sprang upon him before he could make use of his weapon, knocked him down with her front paw, seized his head in her mouth, bit off a considerable part of the skin of his forehead and wounded him in several places. After this she sprung upon a native, fractured his skull, and likewise lacerated him so dreadfully, that the poor fellow died next day. She then entered a thicket or jungle close by, where she was allowed to remain unmolested. As this occurrence took place on a holiday, there were very few men in the yard or else she might have been killed on the spot; yet this may perhaps be considered a fortunate occurrence, as greater injury might have been otherwise sustained. On the morning of the following day, 18th, she had got about a mile further from the water's side, and near to the sepoys village. Here she was again surrounded by about a thousand natives, when, although she had been much lamed on the preceding day, she sprung furiously on several of them, and wounded one poor woman so dreadfully as to oc-

casione her death. A fortunate shot, however, laid her prostrate and prevented further injury. On ascertaining her dimensions, she was found to measure eight feet from her nose to the tip of her tail, and to have stood about four feet high. Her fore foot, above the ancle, was thirteen inches in circumference. We are happy in finding it mentioned that none of the wounds sustained by Mr. Earle are considered dangerous.

CARD

MR WARNE, Professor of Vegetable Medicines, to which his practice is principally confined, tenders his services and abilities to the afflicted with diseases. Being in possession of the

DIVINE ALCORNOQUE,

a production of South America, to whose natives its medicinal properties are well known. He confidently invites persons who are afflicted with *Coughs, Consumptions* and *Liver Complaints*, to a consultation, whereby they may be made acquainted with the great virtues of this rare plant. He is also in possession of

A SPECIFIC FOR THE CANCER,

a vegetable production of our own country, warranted to effect a speedy, safe, and certain cure without any possible injury to the constitution of the patient. *His*

ANTIDOTE TO MERCURY,

is a sovereign vegetable medicine for the unfortunate victims of that fashionable destroyer of youth, by the use of which those who are suffering from the effects of Mercury may be restored to health.

Persons suffering under either of the above mentioned or any other disease whatsoever, are invited to make their cases known.

The uniform success which has attended Mr. Warne's peculiar mode of treating diseases, (his medicines being mostly productions of the vegetable kingdom,) warrants a confidence in offering his services to those who need relief, and they are hereby assured of attention, candor and secrecy, by applying at No 35 Warren-street. no 10.

THE MUSEUM,

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